

As Yet Untitled

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Summary: This started out as a Halo FanFic, but as some of the fiction or my theory of the fiction, as it involved the Forerunners and the construction of Alpha Halo was incorrect or didn't add up, it changed into a story of my own creation. If this is an affront  
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## CHAPTER I

As Luka entered the bridge, she looked around at the state-of-the-art flagship, the '\_Forlorn Hope\_' they had been given for this new project. She knew little about this mysterious project, she knew that it was important, and that she had been assigned to protect its leader, the Architect, which was who she was going to see. She hoped he would give her some details on the project.

She crossed the room to the main viewing area; a large window that looked out across the vastness of space. "Architect?" She said to the man standing alone by the window. "You wanted to see me?"

"Yes, my Guardian, is the ship operational?" The Architect queried the woman to his left.

"Yes. We'll set out to the gas giant soon. The materials for the installation will arrive shortly thereafter." She said. "Might I ask about the mission?"

"No, that's classified until we are out of reach at the destination." He stated coldly. "I trust that you are armed as well as you would like?" He asked, still not looking at her and staring out the window in front of him.

"Not yet, I haven't found my way to the armory just yet." She told him. She was about to say something indignant about his response when suddenly the speakers in her helmet made a small chirping noise.

"Hold on, I'm getting a transmission." She said to the Architect as she turned away from the window. "Go ahead." She said into the speaker.

"Guardian Luka?" A man's voice said into her ear.

"Yes, go ahead."

"Yes ma'am, this is the science vessel." He paused. "Erm, we have encountered a problem. . . You're not going to like this."

"I'm not? Why not?" The Guardian asked; she already didn't like this.

"Uhm. . . Several of the â€"uhm- subjects have broken loose."

"Okay. Hold on, I'll send over some troops. How many have broken free?"

"About. . . Twenty ma'am."

"Twenty? Okay, you will have reinforcements soon." She cut the communications link and started a new one. "Protector, come in." She waited for a brief time. "Protector, come in."

Suddenly the Architect to her left put his hand on Luka's shoulder. "What is it, why do you need the Protector?" He sounded concerned. Was he expecting something to jeopardize this project?

" The science vessel has reported. . . An outbreak." She said

"An outbreak? How large?" He asked her impatiently. He knew that a large outbreak aboard that vessel could spell the end of their species. If the subjects somehow got the new weapons â€"or took control of the ship itself- then he and his Guardian would have major difficulties with the project.

"About twenty." She said. It was not a large outbreak, but definitely cause for some alarm.

"Alright, I shall go wake the Protector and his Shield."

"Alright my Architect, shall I accompany you?" She queried. She hoped he would not say yes; she did not like the man already.

He knew his stuff apparently, she remembered perusing his files when he was put in charge of her and her troops. They were to accompany his fleet of science vessels, combat vessels and construction ships to a large gas giant orbiting a distant sun. Once they arrived they were to begin construction on some classified project that was to give them hope in the war. She had expected him to tell her what was so important when he called her to the bridge, but he had yet to brief her.

"No, I shall go alone." And he did.

As the Architect walked down the hallway towards the machine bay, he mentally noted several features of his new flagship that he enjoyed. For starters, there were arms stations every five yards along the hallway. All one had to do was get close enough to them and will them

open. As long as the chips in the cabinets sensed your neural implants, they would obey. The same went for the doors, which could not be opened by other means. This meant that any hostiles would be easily quarantined by means of their basic inability to open doors.

He continued down the bright, white, clean hallways and followed the arrow that he had set up in his heads up display " or HUD- before he set out to the machine bay. His armor's subsystems included helmet controls that allowed you to look at a control, blink twice, and have it activate that feature or open that menu. This meant that he could open the schematics of the vessel and highlight the area that he wanted a waypoint set at then follow it the arrow to his objective. The new system also could detect accidental blinks so that a menu did not obscure one's vision in combat.

The Architect eventually passed through into the machine bay, passing the guards by the door who snapped to attention briefly before again slouching in the corners near the door.

Once inside the machine bay, he looked at the tubes in the ceiling that contained the Protector and the eighty members of his Shield. The Architect crossed to the center console and touched the rim of the hologram basin. The now activated basin filled with fog through which lasers now passed, creating a semi-solid picture in it. There were several balls floating in the basin now, eighty surrounding a very large one, which represented the Protector. He touched the center one and watched the tube above him descend.

As it descended several lights began flashing inside it, then the bottom of it opened and the Protector slid out. Just before he hit the ground, the Protector activated and floated into the air. The robot was spherical, about two feet in diameter and bore four rotating guns on its front that surrounded its large blue 'eye' which was essentially just where all of its visual equipment and lights were located.

"Hello Architect, have you need of me?" It asked in a wavering robotic voice.

"Yes, prepare your Shield, there has been an outbreak aboard the science vessel."

"Splendid. I am anxious to see how the new Shield will function in combat. I understand that you were the one to request a new one for me. I am also flattered that you requested me specifically for your undertaking."

"Yes, well, I'm sure you will be as useful to me now as you were last time." The Architect responded. "The outbreak was a medium-size one, about twenty subjects. I will have the science vessel open the entry doors for you and your Shield as soon as you are ready to enter."

"Splendid, will the Guardian accompany us? I desire to see her skills in combat." The Protector asked.

"I doubt she will wish to go, but I shall ask her. Give me a moment." He looked to the communications control on his HUD, blinked twice, and scrolled through the list of crew members and vessels he could

initiate contact with. He saw Luka's ID number and opened a channel with her.

"Yes, my Architect?"

"The Protector is readying his Shield. He would like to know if you intend to join him."

"Hmm. . . I will join him. Give me a few minutes to get ready." She told him. The Architect was mildly surprised, he didn't think that she would willingly risk getting injured this early in the operation. "I have not secured my gear yet, I shall head to the armory and then to the launch bay."

"Alright Guardian. Now that I think of it, I shall meet you in the armory, I need to brief you on the new weapons that we have been granted for this mission."

"Affirmative, Architect."

He closed the channel. "She will join you, Protector."

"Splendid."

The Architect turned and walked out of the machine bay as the Protector began awakening his Shield. He followed the hallway for a short distance before turning left and heading into the armory.

Once inside he raised the lid on a case of lance rifles. The rifles shot a ball of compressed air that was then electrified and became plasma, which was as hot as the center of most stars. The new rifles had four barrels, as well as extended clips. Each clip held enough compressed air for seventy shots. He opened the case and withdrew two rifles. He also picked up nine clips, put four into the slots on his belt, then loaded one of the rifles and set it aside with four clips. He then removed a pair of slings, attached them to the rifles and slung one of the guns onto his back.

Next he looked to the wall cabinet above the rifles. This contained pistols and clips for them. He unlocked the cabinet with a thought and removed two pistols and six clips. He loaded both pistols, put one in his hip holster, alongside two of the clips, then put the remaining items on the table with the other rifle.

The Guardian then entered the armory.

"Ah, hello Luka, I set some gear aside for you on the table." He pointed to the collection of weapons and ammunition on the table beside him.

"Are you loading up to come with us? I would advise against that."

"No, I will leave that for you soldier types. I'm merely loading up as a precaution."

"Ah." The Guardian said. "So what did you need to tell me about these new weapons?" She asked him. "They look pretty standard to me."

"Well, first and foremost, they don't use bullets. They shoot plasma." He explained.

"Excellent, how accurate are they?"

"Very. accurate to about a kilometer. And wind speed doesn't affect them very much at all."

"Good. Now, are there any grenades or armor suits around here?"

"I believe so, yes. I don't know where the grenades would be, but I believe that there is some armor in the next room." The Architect said as he crossed to the door that led into the next area of the armory.

He opened the door mentally and headed inside. He noted that there were enough suits for the entire crew, though there weren't very many crewmen onboard. He looked at the panels on the sides of the suit containers, which, for the most part, were empty. These suits had a much higher combat rating than even his, which was high quality, much higher than standard issue. He then noticed a pair of containers that were apparently intended for him and his Guardian. He called to Luka.

"Yes sir?" She said as she poked her head in the door.

"We have new armor apparently. I didn't know that they had sent new armor too. . ."

"Oh, nice. What classification are they?"

"17, they look compact too."

"Wow. Let's see how they fit." She said. She immediately began removing sections of her armor from her body glove. "Could you unzip this?" She asked him, turning her back to him.

"Sure, say when." He unzipped the back of the form-fitting black suit slowly until she told him to stop. She then turned toward the suit container, bent down and tapped the release switch. She then reached inside and removed the new body suit, removed the old one and slipped in to the one for the updated armor. The Architect was also getting in to his new suit. He watched her for a moment when she removed her helmet and let her long red hair down.

She sighed, "I almost forgot I had a face under that helmet." She said and turned towards him. He had not expected her to be beautiful, he felt an immediate attraction to her. He knew this wasn't good. One of his first rules was not to become attracted to a sub-ordinate. It wouldn't be helped by the fact that they would be working together in close quarters for the duration of the project. He would have to endeavor not to fall in love with her.

"I know the feeling." He said, removing his own helmet and trying to avoid eye contact with her. He then began attaching the new armor plates to his body suit while she did the same.

"So what else did you need to tell me about the new weapons?" She asked him.

"Oh, well, mainly that you need to be very careful with them, they'll do a lot of damage to whatever they hit, so just try not to hit any of the Shield."

"Okay, what's it like working with the Shield?"

"Well, it's a lot nicer than working with humans if you ask me, 'cause you can give them orders with the neural implants, and they won't whine about what you ask them to do. . . They also won't mean as much to you if you have to send them to their deaths. . ."

"Mmm." The Guardian grunted in response. She then finished attaching the plates, put on her helmet and tried activating the armor's shielding. She had expected to feel the air 'pop' around her as the shield created a spherical barrier that would deflect attackers or projectiles until it ran out of energy. This didn't come to pass. "Hey, these shields don't work."

"You sure about that?" He said while he donned his own helmet. He then picked up his old helmet.

"Yeah, they aren't doing anything."

He smiled in spite of himself. He then hurled the old helmet at her. As it approached her it was deflected by a bolt of electricity that surged from her suit.

"Whoa." She said in disbelief. "What was that?"

"New intelligent shielding. Senses and blocks stuff a lot better than the old suits. More energy efficient too." He said. "It'll also disrupt plasma bolts so your armor doesn't have to take them."

"Nice." Was all the Guardian said.

"Yep." He said. "Anyway, I think that the grenades are probably in those crates over there by the other suits."

"Okay." She headed over and popped open the top of one of the boxes, removed four grenades, and put them in the slots on her belt. She then opened the cabinet above the grenades, which contained accessories for the rifles. She removed an under-barrel grenade launcher, attached and synced it with the rifle. "You want anything out of this?"

"Uhm. . .No, I think I'm okay." He checked out his equipment belt. "Actually, pass me a couple of grenades, and are there any knives over there?"

She handed him a pair of grenades and a combat knife, which he added to his equipment belt.

"Okay, I think I'm ready to head out." The Guardian said.

"Alright, I'll take you to the launch bay." He said as he opened the schematics and laid a waypoint on the main launch bay, which was where the Protector was.

"Okay, lead on." She said. And he did.

While they walked together to the launch bay, the Architect called the science vessel on his communications system. "Reinforcements will be there shortly, please open your port docking bay."

"Understood, docking bay opening now sir." A man responded.

"How's it going over there?" The Architect asked.

"We've only lost one man so far, and the subjects have been well contained, they haven't managed to break out of their quarantine area."

"Alright, hold the fort for just a few more minutes, Architect out." He closed the channel as they neared the bay.

They entered and crossed to a small one-person craft. It was an entry vehicle, so it was basically a cockpit and an engine. It didn't have weapons or even communications as it was designed for exactly this purpose: boarding another vessel.

Luka climbed inside, put her rifle in the vehicle's gun rack then closed the cockpit. It hissed as it sealed tight.

"Alright Protector, you are ready?" The Architect asked the floating orb to his right.

"Yes, Architect, we will follow the Guardian in." He said. The entry vehicle was then loaded into one of the launch cannons. There were twelve of these cannons along the port side of the ship that could be used to launch ships, the Protector or any of the Shield.

The Protector and the five present members of his Shield loaded themselves into the other cannons.

"Standby for launch." The cannon control robot said over Luka's earpiece. "3â€|2â€|1â€|"

A roar filled the room and there was a flash at the bottom of the cannons, then on the viewscreen to the Architect's right, he watched the seven pods streak towards the science vessel's open docking bay. As they neared it they began firing boosters to slow themselves and steady their trajectory. They landed inside without mishap, and the doors closed.

The Architect opened a channel to the Protector and Luka. "You are okay I trust?"

"Yes sir." Luka responded and cut communications with him, opening a channel with the commander of the ship. "Where are the subjects?"

"Here, I'll set a waypoint for you." An arrow appeared on her HUD. "Be careful. Bridge out."

Luka climbed out of the pod. The air had already been returned to the bay. The Shield and the Protector came out of their own pods and linked up with the Guardian.

"Alright Guardian, are you ready?" The Protector asked, while his guns fired up and loaded themselves.

"Yes, shall we?" She said, readying her rifle and removing the safety.

"Splendid." The Protector said and watched Luka head towards the door, following her waypoint. The Shield fanned out behind her as they headed down the hallway towards the subject holding area.

Luka heard them, the subjects, the Infected. They were moaning.

Years and years ago, a controversial vaccine against death began being developed. It worked, mostly; the test subjects, once vaccinated, they could not be killed short of being burned until their bodies had been completely destroyed.

They could easily be disabled, however, if shot through the head, they would fall, unmoving. But in a few hours, they would heal and get back up. You could also remove their limbs, but all this did was make more of them, as the limbs would re-create the entire body, and the body would regenerate the limbs, effectively creating two of them.

She opened the door and flicked on her helmet flashlights. She took aim at the first of them and fired. This act immediately alerted the other Infected in the room, who immediately moved towards her, moaning. The Shield and the protector opened up on them as well, a flurry of bullets and plasma balls, immediately destroying the subjects in the room.

She was thankful that they were not armed. Many times they would infect soldiers, who were much harder to kill and could still fire their weapons. The Infected could pass on their disease by biting someone. Their infected saliva would course through the victim's bloodstream, infecting them in minutes. This was the reason for the Shield: they couldn't be infected.

Luka opened a channel to the commander again. "All clear, haz-mat teams should come in now and burn the bodies."

"Understood ma'am, they'll be there shortly." He said. "Bridge out."

"Guardian," The Protector said. "shall I leave one of my Shield here?"

"Sure." Luka said. "Now let's get back to the flagship."

End  
file.